

Gangsta's paradise – Coolio

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life and realize there's nothing left
Cause I've been blastin' and laughin' so long, that
Even my momma thinks that my mind is gone,
But I never crossed a man that didn't deserve it
Me be treated like a punk, you know that's unheard of
You better watch how ya talkin' and where ya walkin'
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk
I really hate to trip but I gotta loc',
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke,
Fool, I'm the kinda G that little homies wanna be like,
On my knees in the night
Sayin' prayers in the street light

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Look at the situation, they got me facing
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the street
So I gotta be down with the 'hood team
Too much television watching got me chasing dreams
I'm an educated fool with money on my mind
Got MAC-10 in my hand and a gleam in my eye
I'm a loc'd out gangsta, set tripping banger
And my homies is down so don't arouse my anger
Fool, death ain't nothing but a heart beat away
I'm living life do or die, what can I say
I'm twenty-three now, but will I live to see twenty-four
The way things is going I don't know

Tell me why are we
So blind to see
That the ones we hurt
Are you and me
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Power in the money, money in the power
Minute after minute, hour after hour
Everybody's running, but half of them ain't looking
What's goin' on in the kitchen,
But I don't know what's cookin'
They say I gotta learn
But nobody's here to teach me
If they can't understand it, how can they reach me?
I guess they can't I guess they won't I guess they front
That's why I know my life is out of luck, fool!

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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych